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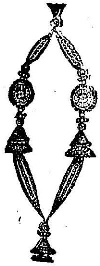

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The late Sir R. VENKATARATNAM NAIDU

THE SCHOLAR

JUNE 1939

Vol. XIV. *No. 9.*

Constant Care

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH.

OUR committees are already enquiring what their situation is likely to be after the Pact. They realise that official ratification may mean that the Pact societies will be excluded from taking any initiative or from co-operating with their different governments.

The opposite, however, is likely to occur. The more we progress in this matter of safeguarding cultural treasures, the more we are likely to require the co-operation of public and private enterprise.

Culture can never be the work of a single government; rather is it the expression of a whole nation—of all nations.

Co-operation between all nations is indispensable if we are to make any advance in the matter.

Educational institutions and all those other societies which exist for progress and enlightenment must necessarily co-operate with all the elements in the nation.

The closer the connection between our museum societies, the more active are our committees likely to be with the schools and co-operation more lively in every sense.

The same will occur with the application of the Pact for the Preservation of Cultural Treasures. Quite apart from the activity of government committees and institutions, we cannot dispense with private assistance or the initiative of well-wishers.

The committee which participated in the work of the Pact negotiations will remain the best collaborator in the future. If our committees have shown their activity in multifarious directions, then they are all the better equipped for co-operating with government activities.

Remember how many useful initiatives have been taken in the last four years and that in addition to three international conferences, lectures have been arranged in many countries.

Many times attention has been drawn to the Pact in schools, many articles have appeared in the press, and processions in which the banner has appeared have been organized so as to give an idea of cultural values.

Besides the local committees, the Washington convention established a Pact committee which gave a permanent character to the Pact, and made it the custodian of those resolutions which were drawn up at the Washington convention to defend and preserve all cultural values.

It is most probable that this permanent committee will grow in importance and attract more and more attention together with an increasing number of collaborators from the arts and sciences.

So wide is the scope of work that all newcomers will be welcomed with joy and friendship, for we require the co-operation of all sections of the community.

The need for safeguarding cultural values ought to be realized by every class of society. It should be taught in schools and colleges, and teachers should do their best to enlighten everyone as to its urgent character.

Several of our committees have no doubt realised that a large section of the community are, as it were, shut out from taking any part or interest in cultural activities. They have had to fight their way to get a hearing for the simplest propositions and have often encountered opposition even in intellectual circles.

In short, they have no illusions, knowing that there will always be difficulties.

The way of culture is the way of the cross and one which is never likely to be an easy one. There are many, however, who are ready to raise their voices but will do little to save the situation.

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There will be meetings held on behalf of culture in which much will be said but little achieved, but this should not deter us in our determination to raise aloft the banner of culture.

The work of all these groups, societies, committees and collaborators will always be one of great variety, and the work is likely to grow in all directions since it depends upon the world-structure of life itself.

Governments ought to be glad of the work of volunteers who so willingly give their time to help in matters which, after all, are of the highest concern to the state.

The Committee itself is a centre of friendly co-operation able to attract the goodwill of everyone. It is unlimited in the number of its members and can be separated into sub-divisions, sections and commissions, and made to conform with anything that will promote the good work.

Let constancy be expressed by a desire for action, co-operation, benevolence and altruism. Where the word Culture is pronounced, there let altruism grow, so that the work of enlightenment can proceed with joy and mutual confidence.

Every friend acquired is a pathway to culture; every enemy overthrown is a victory for light. The salvation of beauty and knowledge is itself a lofty form of prayer.

Brahmarishi
Dr. Sir R. Venkataratnam Naidu

By VENKATARAMANA, M. A., B. Ed.,
(*Lecturer, P. R. College, Cocanada*)

THE sixties and seventies of the last century were a period of chaos and conflict, of darkness and degeneration in the history of our country. But it is gratifying that in the divine ordinance of things this very period of trouble and turmoil should witness the birth of the worthiest and noblest sons of modern Bharata Varsha. One of these radiant figures that illuminated the firmament of Indian public life was Brahmarishi Dr. Sir R. Venkataratnam Naidu.

He was born on the Mahanavami Day 1862, one of the most sacred days in the Hindu Calendar. His father was Subedar Appiah Naidu of military rank and his mother was a Vaishnava devotee of the old type. The undaunted courage and daring of paternal heredity fused with the all-permeating love and unswerving devotion inherited on the maternal side flowed through the veins of Venkataratnam. With this rich inheritance he developed the nerve of his father and the heart of his mother. The early days of schooling were spent in Northern India where he had to make Urdu practically his mother-tongue.

But he came to the South to receive his higher education. He joined the Madras Christian College, the premier educational institution in the presidency in those days. There he came under the influence of Rev. Dr. Miller, whose influence among the students of the college was remarkable. The religious bent of mind which Nature endowed him with was imperceptibly nurtured in the congenial atmosphere of the Christian College under the care and culture of the revered preceptor. It was during the period of his study here that he first came into contact with the Brahma Samaj in Madras of which he was destined to become the avowed leader for nearly half a century.

After graduation in 1885, he took to journalism and joined the editorial staff of a Madras Weekly known as the *People's Friend*. But he soon changed his profession for that which Nature carved out for him. He became a teacher and worked in several high schools at different places in the presidency. He took his M. A. degree in 1881 and worked as an assistant professor of English in the Pachaiappa's College for one year.

From 1894—98 he worked in the Noble College, Masulipatam, his birth place. It was during this period that he started his vigorous and ruthless campaign against nautch. His next appointment was as principal of the Mahboob College, Secunderabad where he laboured for full six years not merely for the education but for the very regeneration of the generations of students that passed through his hands.

It was while working at Secunderabad that the principalship of Pittapur Rajah's College fell vacant. The contest was between two candidates, each remarkable in his own way. It is interesting to find that both should become university vice-chancellors in the same presidency and make their mark in the field of education in later life though in different degrees. The forces of reform-dreading conservatism organised themselves into obstructing opposition against the advent of this liberal social reformer, whose magic influence with his pupils was exaggerated as a *danger* to *religion*. But divine ordaining worked itself in unknown ways and he was there installed as the principal of the college in 1904, which was really an epoch-making year in the annals of the institution. His marvellous and charming power in converting foes into friends had its first manifestation here when the strongest opponents to his advent became his ardent admirers and best supporters in no time. It became the chief arena of his many-sided activities. He occupied the honoured place for full 15 years rendering hearty and devoted service. Laden with honours from the State, overpowered with the love of his beloved students, held high in the esteem of his colleagues, rich with the admiration of the public, he retired from his favourite seat not to lead merely a life of unconcerned rest but only to take a keener interest in guiding and shaping from without the all-sided development of that hoary institution. His attachment and devotion to that institution were unique. It was all something much more than the result of a bond of long association or a live sense of duty. " Cut half an inch below my heart and you find Pittapur Rajah's College" was the significant utterance in which he referred to his dear institution nearly a decade and a half after his retirement from the college.

The climax of his official career as an eminent educationist was reached when he became the Vice-Chancellor of the Madras University, the first elected Vice-Chancellor under the new Act. A veteran scholar of western education though he was, he was keenly alive to the greatness of Oriental literature and culture. The period of his Vice-Chancellorship witnessed the

encouragement and reorganisation of research work in the various vernacular languages.

After retirement from the Vice-Chancellor's place he made Cocanada the capital of his last days, as it was for a long time the most important field of his activity and as it contained the Thriratnas (three jewels) of Venkataratnam's mind, namely the College, the Orphanage and the Mandir (Brahmopasana Mandir). And on the memorable night of May 26, he entered eternal rest at Cocanada. Long before his demise, he desired that his remains should be interred in some outer corner of his dear Mandir.

Such a noble and great life cannot, as it did not, (though not to the extent to which it deserved) escape wide recognition, public and popular, however much it may try to keep aloof from the public eye. The title of Rao Bahadur was conferred upon him even while he was the principal of P. R. College. Soon he became Diwan Bahadur, and a recipient of a first class Kaiser-i-Hind Medal. Finally he was knighted, the first among educationists in the South to receive that honour. As the Government showered titles upon him, the people did not lag behind. The South Indian Teachers' Federation conferred the Hindu title of 'Kulapati' on him. His spiritual life made him a Brahmarshi. The Universities of Madras and Andhra honoured themselves by conferring honorary doctorates on him.

Equally numerous were his acts of public service and manifold activities. Not a few religious, social and educational conferences and deliberations took place under his leadership or guidance. He was the president of a number of social conferences for the uplift of backward and depressed communities like those of the Kalavanta and the Adi-Andhra. He was called upon to preside over the All-India Theistic Conference held in Calcutta in 1906. It was here that his presidential address with its torrential eloquence and spiritual fervour revealed the true personality of the man. Even in drooping old age, he could show the necessary strength of mind to bear the strain of presiding over and conducting the deliberations of the Andhra Theistic Conference held as recently as last year at Cocanada. While he was primarily busy with his religious and social work, he was also not unconnected with public bodies. Muncipalities, taluk boards and district boards as well as legislative chambers of this province had the benefit of his wise counsel. But even here his attempts were to introduce wholesome reforms. In a small municipal council, of which he happened to be a member, he would exert his influence to get a resolution passed in favour of prohibition. With unparalleled courage of conviction, he would attack in the legislative council, the excise policy of the very party which held him in the

highest esteem, because it came into conflict with his moral teachings.

Dr. Venkitaratnam was a born teacher. It was not that he could give the best model lesson, though his gift of exposition was very great. But he was a teacher in the truest and fullest sense of the word. Apart from his eloquence, which resembled the majestic flow of the Ganges and the lucid exposition which was akin to the commentaries of the great Bhashyakaras of old, he could picture before the minds of his pupils the significant spirit of the authors. Not only could he go to the depths of the writings of the master minds himself but he could also take all his pupils there along with him. Equally powerful as his abilities was his influence among the students. It was a sight of common experience to those around to see him taking a stroll in the evening surrounded by a group of students. If he prepared them for examinations within the class room, he prepared them for Life also. As his personality attracted pupils around him, his erudition won for him the admiration of the public. No more glowing tribute can be paid and no better authoritative testimony can be borne than that of his most beloved disciple, Rao Sahib Dr. V. Ramakrishna Rao: * " A critical scholar and an impressive teacher naturally endowed with inseeing sympathy with, and practically realising a holy harmony between both the gay and the grave aspects, the L'Allegro and the Il Penseroso elements of life and nature, Mr. Venkataratnam's masterly expositions of the deep philosophy of Shakespeare and Carlyle, Wordsworth and Tennyson have constituted in themselves not only an intellectual treat but also a spiritual stimulus known only to those who have had the good fortune to sit and learn at his feet,"

Sir Venkataratnam was the pioneer of the social reform movement in Andhra-Desa along with his twin companion, the late Rao Bahadur K. Veeresalingam Pantulu. The earliest of his social reform campaigns was against nautch. He endeavoured throughout his life to remove the Devadasi system. the chronic cancer eating into the very vitals of Hindu society. With unsparing criticism and unflinching zeal, he carried on his social purity campaign ; and on the ruins of morally dilapidated lives he erected the beautiful edifice of cultured and educated families in the Devadasi community. Education, appointments, help and encouragement in marriages he showered on the fallen community. In the teeth of opposition and social ostracism and in times of rigid untouchability he extended his helping hand unreservedly and lifted them out of the abysmal depths where they

* Sir R. Venkataratnam : Message and Ministrations Vol. I Introduction. pp. xxv & xxvi.

were thrown by agelong custom. With the supporting hand of the 'generous Maharajah' of Pitapuram at his disposal, he gave them shelter and education. Their unique combination is really one outstanding instance of how Providence fulfills itself in promoting all that is noble and worthy.

He was a unique personality characterised by universal love. His love was an everflowing river deep and wide as the Godavary. It cleansed all that came into contact with it. It nourished the needy and the helpless. It infused cheer and freshness into the forlorn. In his heart rich with human sympathy and love, he had a soft corner for the orphan. The outstanding testimony of his attachment to the orphaned is in the palatial structures at Conada known as R. V. M. G. Orphanage which he would never call an orphanage but the 'Home'. It is another example of the spontaneous munificence of the noble Maharajah concretising the cherished ideal of the angelic reformer, his dear Guru! To every inmate of the Orphanage, boy and girl, he was the real parent, the 'Pedenayana'. That beautiful monument at Cocacanada, which is one of the ornaments of the city, was, every inch of it, designed, carved and executed under his guidance like the Mandir to which he paid similar attention. In his own instinctive way he discovered the immense possibilities in the lives of orphans and destitutes and tried to provide facilities for their protection and upbringing. His own life demonstrated the truth of his discovery and proclaimed the glory of God with the examples of the children he brought up.

Brahmarishi Venkataratnam's life was essentially spiritual. From his very boyhood he was imbued with a religious spirit. For his thesis for the M. A. Degree the subject of his choice was Milton's *Paradise Regained.* His contact with the Brahmo Samaj gave it a definite and proper shape. His religious bent of mind was not that of a philosopher or a thinker but a devotee. His ideal was like that of a Prahlada and he ever tried to lead a life conforming to that ideal. He was a pure theist believing in the 'one Supreme God' as he himself declared in the final testament he left to be opened after his demise by his beloved 'Subbarao'* whom he always regarded with paternal affection and who served him with the fidelity of a son and disciple, ever aiding him in his philanthropic achievements. His life was a life of prayer. Rising from bed or going to bed, eating or drinking, receiving visitors or going on visits, ailing or happy, rejoicing or grieving, even performing the routine work of the day, he would never commence anything without raising his hands in prayer to Providence. Even while suffering or bedridden, his constant

* K. V. Subba Rao Naidu, Diwan of Pitapuram Estate.

utterance was "I know naught but Thee". He lived a life of faith and laboured to share it with all, always in his own humble way. To refer again to his will, he regarded himself as "a humble supplicant for Grace". This devout spirit, as it was called upon by a Higher Voice to take up the lead of the great Theistic movement of the Brahmo Samaj in our Presidency, has fulfilled its mission in life by making the Andhra country a prominent Brahmo Province next only to Bengal, the birth-place of the movement. The beautiful Brahmopasana Mandir and the Brahma Pracharaka Trust created at his instance with the help of the Maharajah of Pittapuram are two concrete factors ensuring the Samaja permanent future in this province.

Above all he was a man. There was a human touch in everything he did. He was a lion of purity and an angel of forgiveness. He was uncompromisingly theistic but tolerant to a degree. His intellectual eminence never stood in the way of his association with common folk. His spiritual *Sadhana* did not drive him out from the company of fellow beings. The life of an anchorite that he led did not render him unfit to enjoy the bliss of playing with children. The soul-deep devotion to his departed partner (maintained in sacred memory for full fifty years) did not make him blind to household duties of looking after children in his big family. While soaring spiritual heights, he could, at the same time descend to the depths to rescue the fallen and pick them up to a higher plane.

Such was the mighty personality of the late Dr. Brahmarishi Sir R. Venkataratnam Naidu. He was a physical stalwart, an intellectual genius, a spiritual sage and a sanctifying saint. He was verily the soul of the country and his loss has immeasurably impoverished the moral life of the country. His soul has flown into the unseen heights only to shine as the guiding star for future generations morally and spiritually. May his soul rest in His Bosom in eternal peace!

Soulfulness

By R. RAMAKRISHNAN, M. A., L. T.

THERE is hardly a home in India today which has not heard, and having heard, does not adore, the name of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, the High Priest of modern Indian renaissance. But perhaps not all those who are familiar with the main details of Sri Ramakrishna's story are well acquainted with the life of his illustrious father. The father's name was Khudiram Chattopadhyaya. He was "of a kindly nature, with a strong sense of justice, unswerving honesty, even to a point detrimental to his own interest, and intensely devotional, and he proved himself equal to the trust reposed in him by the Divine Mother who gave one of Her elect into his care."

Below is reproduced an incident in the life of Khudiram. The extract is from the authoritative *Life of Sri Ramakrishna* published by the Sri Ramakrishna Math.

"Nine years after the birth of his first son, Ramkumar, Khudiram was visited in 1814 by a sudden stroke of misfortune. Ramananda Ray, the zamindar of the village, was a most tyrannical landlord; and the villagers were all afraid of him. One of them was guilty of some indiscretion, and Ramananda, to show his displeasure, entered suit on false charges and called upon Khudiram to give evidence in his (Ramananda's) favour. Khudiram not only had a horror of courts and avoided them wherever possible but he knew as well that this was a concocted case. If he acceded to the request he would do violence to his conscience, perhaps for the first time in his life : if he declined he would incur the anger of Ramananda. After a severe struggle with himself, he decided to refuse to lend his support. Ramananda was very angry at Khudiram's audacity and decided to teach him a lesson. So he brought false charges against him too, and Khudiram lost his ancestral property, including the huts which had so long sheltered him and his family. Overwhelming as was this misfortune, he did not lose faith in the Lord Ramachandra, but bowed his head before His inscrutable dispensation. There was nothing for him to do but to leave Dereypore (his native village)." He then came to live in Kamarpukur, and Sri Ramakrishna himself was born in Kamarpukur.

Let us for a while ponder over this small incident that took place more than a hundred years ago in a remote corner of India. Perhaps a busy world took no effective notice of it; perhaps, a few

laughed it away as the performance of an 'unpractical' crank. But the great unseen moral forces that govern the universe must have felt satisfied at the seemingly small, but profoundly significant, act of Khudiram.

Let us place ourselves in the position of Khudiram. Two alternatives stand before us—the uttering of a small falsehood, the loss of property and banishment from home. What would we have done ?'

Many of us, to be frank, would without so much as a struggle choose to please the zamindar.

A few of us would certainly allow the struggle to go on in us, but would then yield to the devil's pressure. We would compromise with ourselves, we would argue ourselves into the belief that the only way open to us was to tell the lie and pray pardon of God. Our arguments may take the following turn: "I am a man with many dependants, and though I am ready to suffer the consequences of a strict adherence to truth, I cannot allow my family to suffer too. My motive in helping the wicked zamindar is therefore beyond reproach. After all, in this imperfect world one cannot be perfect. Even the Gita says that all undertakings are covered by imperfection even as fire is covered by smoke. Utter truthfulness may be an ideal for the monks, but for the householder a mild relaxation of the rigour of the rule is justifiable."

Well, so might a Harischandra have argued too and escaped much suffering. But he did not, and therein lay his greatness.

The difficulty with many of us is that we have fundamentally a wrong conception of our own personality. We forget that the true depths of our being are in the soul. And like short-sighted children who sacrifice their health for the pleasure of the moment (e. g. they become victims to indigestion by over-eating), we place in jeopardy the lasting welfare of the soul by caring only for the immediate convenience of our physical being. Suppose a coat does not suit me; I shall surely throw it away rather than chisel away those limbs of my body which the coat does not cover. And yet how often do we bruise our soul in order to please the senses and the body ? If only we remember that the soul is our real being, we will never have the boldness to brush aside the still small voice of God in us, the voice that with infinite patience and good humour always recalls us to the right path.

Our scriptures constantly carry to us this message of soulfulness, the message that wisdom lies in discriminating between what is for the permanent welfare of our real nature and what is merely contributory to a false sense of satisfaction on the superficial plane of our existence.

The Katha Upanishad says: " One thing is the *good* and quite different indeed is the *pleasant*: having been of different requisitions, they both bind the Purusha. Good befalls him who follows the good, but loses he the goal who chooses the pleasant. Both the good and the pleasant approach man; the wise one discriminates the two, having examined them well. Yea, the wise one prefers the good to the pleasant but the fool chooses the pleasant through avarice and attachment."

The same Upanishad teaches us a correct sense of values: " the objects are superior to the senses, the mind is superior to the objects, the intellect is superior to the mind, the great Atman is superior again to the intellect."

The Gita says that that joy alone is the highest which at first is like poison, but in the end is like nectar.

Nachiketas, the young hero of the *Katha Upanishad* cast aside tempting offers of long life and wealth and dominion over the worlds and chose the knowledge of the Highest.

Jesus told the tempting Satan, " Get thee hence."

The Bible says: " Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven......And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee, for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell...Ye cannot serve God and Mammon......He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it......For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

Man is generally very keen about his self-interest. But what is wrong with him is that he mistakes false interests for his true interests and madly runs after the former. He mistakes the false self to be the true self. The moment he knows where his eternal interests lie, he will refuse to run after shadows. Therefore do our scriptures say that the foremost qualification for an aspirant after perfection is the discrimination between the real and the unreal. And out of the depth of the hearts of our ancient sages went forth to the Almighty this morning prayer:

From the unreal lead me to the Real,
From darkness to Light,
From death to Immortality.

Nicholas Roerich

By BARNETT. D. CONLAN.

(Continued from our previous issue.)

THERE are other reasons, however, I think, why the Higher Power- have set him in the midst of Asia to attempt this rather stupendous undertaking.

After two centuries of contact with the West, Asia still remains more or less in possession of her ancient culture.

In India the Aryan tradition yet retains some of its vestiges and although India cannot return to her past for the same reason that Europe cannot go back to her Middle Ages, yet it is from what still remains of her ancient traditions that she can best derive the inspiration to build a New Age.

E. B. Havell, the former Principal of the Government School of Art in India, has given us a series of works on Indian Art and Culture which, as art criticism alone, is of more importance to us to-day than anything of Ruskin.

After battling for years with Western pedagogues and utilitarians he finally convinced the Government of the truth of his astounding claim that: " The Indian village master-builder, uneducated as he was, could erect more perfect buildings than the best educated and most talented artists of Europe and America."

He pointed to the splendid culture of the Aryan tradition which went back for several thousand years, and to the fact that 'India was the only part of the British Empire where the esthetic sense of the people, in spite of all that British philistinism had done to suppress it, influenced their everyday life.'

Since then many changes have occurred. There has been a Buddhist revival; the founding of a Hindu University in Benares, and research work started on such texts that relate to ancient Indian literature, art, philosophy, music and dance.

These are now attracting the attention of a Western elite, and there are signs perhaps of some sort of intellectual co-operation.

If India ever does succeed in renewing on modern lines what Havell calls " the wonderful organization of her village communities and the splendid culture which grew out of them " then Europe must benefit as well.

For Europe to-day is more in need of Culture and a New Aristocracy than India where much of the ancient spirit still survives in a quiet way.

But it will have to be an Aristocracy based on spiritual power and not one based on money or political power.

Such an aristocracy must possess something of the character of the Rishis and Brahmins of ancient India, who did not live to accumulate wealth or political power but to dedicate their immense spiritual resources to the welfare of the people.

There is, however, a very good reason why Europe should co-operate with India in the task of creating a New Age of Culture.

The two fountains from which Europe once drew the waters of the spirit—Palestine and Greece—have run dry, and if we wish to renew our spiritual life we must look to the fountain head which is in India.

And just as the rivers of the earth rise in the Mountains, so the sources which supply the waters of the spirit take their rise in the Mountains of the Spirit—and these are in Asia.

Because Roerich is a Master of the Mountains and draws his inspiration from these infinite sources, his messages are likely to be impersonal and, in the widest possible sense, for the general good.

E. B. Havell had pointed out how the Central Administration in India with its government files and the rigid nature of its legal and educational machinery was dangerously out of touch with living India and how the public buildings in Bombay and Calcutta 'flaunt before the native gaze the banalities and vulgarities of the worst English 19th century architecture.'

The Government, to do it justice, after some enquiry admitted the truth of many of his claims, but had they taken steps to co-operate earlier with Aryan India and helped her to develop her traditions, according to her natural genius, perhaps much of the dissension that we see to-day might have been avoided.

Moreover, things have moved very quickly in the last few years and there are very palpable reasons why the leaders of Western thought should drop their statistics for a moment, and examine more closley Roerich's appeal for Culture.

The movements in the Far East have completely changed the situation and unless some world-wide movement for the Peace based on Art and Culture occurs, Europe will find herself some day confronted with a second Chengiz Khan.

The great question, if we only knew it, which confronts the world of the future is: Where is the spirit that can convert the power of Chengiz Khan into that of Maitreya?

India, just because she sees more profoundly into life than other nations, may some day lead the world in bringing about a religious crusade on behalf of Culture and Unity.

One has no need to be a great prophet to foresee that the future of the white races in Asia—and perhaps in Europe—will depend very largely upon India, upon the power of India to provoke a world-wide religious movement on behalf of Peace and Unity.

As a boy, I had to do with a schoolmaster who objected to my taking what he considered was an undue interest in the Kuen-lun mountains. He told me that it was more important to know the cotton statistics for Manchester. These I learnt, but put on a blue tie in protest. Thirty years later a high Buddhist authority from the mountains in China explained this early interest of mine and convinced me that, on some matters, Asia knew more than Europe.

To-day we get little but statistics ; in the newspapers, on the radio, in parliament, everywhere a profound, one might almost say a religious, belief in facts and figures.

Neither facts nor figures, however, have any deep signification and if we continue to neglect Art and Culture for a purely intellectual training based on financial and industrial technique, we will, some day discover that the spiritual climate has gone completely dry and left us on the edge of an abyss where Life has no meaning.

It is interesting to see how Roerich has been moving for years through the most remote and unknown parts of the earth, through those regions which are the farthest of all removed from our factory life and factory ideals.

One feels that he went there in answer to a call from the Higher Powers and that it is his contact with these high regions that has inspired all his work—regions where the sources of spiritual power and transcendent beauty are still untouched by the evil influences of a mechanical ciilization.

As he himself tells us: "When you already know the beauties of Asia, and are accustomed to all the richness of its colours, nevertheless they again astonish you, and again elate your feelings, so that you feel able to accomplish the impossible".

In "Altai-Himalaya" which is a record of his travels through Inner Asia, we get a type of book which is remarkably rare. The beauty of the book is evident. When one first comes across those passages where the painter mentions the giant mountain ranges of Altai, Tien-Shan and Kuen-lun, one recognizes a vital sense of beauty.

One might have waited another thousand years before meeting with quite the same spirit.

By the quality of his painting and the poetical insight of this book, Roerich has done for his age what Shelley and Keats did for theirs—he has given it a fresh sense of Beauty.

And it is a beauty which is well suited to our time, for it is one which has been acquired by heroism and adventure.

These sentences jotted down by the campfire and along the edge of limitless deserts have the spatial qualities of line paintings.

If a publisher were to present us with a selection of these vivid pen pictures, joined to their appropriate reproductions, we should have an ensemble of beauty, as rare in its way as the poems of Li-tai-pai or the Odes of Shelley and Keats.

In Sikhim he tells us: "Every mountain summit is crowned by a beautiful Mendang with its wheels of life, its prayers carved in relief and its niches for seats from which you behold the image of the far off distance.

Here lamas and travellers are meditating. Here banners are fluttering. Here each rider will slow down his horse."

At once we can see the landscape with its immense vistas and the come and go of travellers. The picture has a sort of mediaeval beauty which recalls the Canterbury Tales, for it has this in common with Chaucer's world - it is far removed from factory sites and builded areas!

His sense of the mystery of great mountain ranges is the finest of its kind in Western literature or Art. I know of nothing approaching it unless in the work of certain Chinese painters.

He has an ear for the sonorous echoes of these heights. The Altai ranges, which he loves for the fresh northern beauty, for their lordly cedars and spring torrents, he assures us, are "the most blue, the most reverberant of mountains."

And when he alludes to the Kuen-lun range we have a thrill of delight, because no one has ever yet written precisely in this mood: "Beyond Beluha there appears the crests of Kuen-lun, so beloved to the heart and beyond that the Mountain of the Divine Queen."

He makes allusion to many mysteries, overheard in the temples, or at evening round the campfire, mysteries that relate to the sacred mountains—Kailas, Moriah, Meru and Altai and all these he resumes in one great line:

"But now has come the time of the illumination of Asia."

The prophecies relating to Maitreya, the Coming One, have inspired much of his Art and writing, and it is this which gives so deep a character to all his work.

Again he mentions the fabulous range of the Kuen-lun, "With its blue inclines of immeasurable antiquity also variegated and glorious and sweeping, the far-off peaks silhouetted like pure white cones, etched in white outline upon the cobalt of the sky, as upon some old Chinese landscape."

In the morning he remarks that: "The eastern mountains are crystal blue and the foothills of the Himalaya are of sapphire."

His knowledge of Ancient Cults, of Buddhism, Lamaism, and Tibetan traditions would seem to be innate. He shows a sympathetic understanding of all that is going on in these remote regions, and would seem himself to be a part of it.

In Ladak he discovers the wild beauty of those ancient strongholds—Maulbeck and Lamayura.

"Whoever built Lamayura and Maulbeck knew what was true beauty and fearlessness. Before such a vista, before such decorations, Italian cities pale.

And these solemn rows of stupas are like joyous torches. Where lies a country equal to these forsaken spots? Let us be just and bow before such true beauty."

There is something historic in this last sentence. It marks a turning point in our history, for it is the recognition of a superior Beauty in Asia.

And here Roerich would seem to be the advance-guard of a New Age of another Renaissance.

No one before him has done so much to bring before our eyes the beauty of Asia, and it is always Beauty that claims his attention, for he is well aware that it is the one thing that is immortal.

In Himalayan Sikhim he visits the mountain monasteries and their names rise in crescendo—Chakong, Pemiaonchi, Rinchenpong, Sanga Chelling, Daling, Tashi-ding, as he sets them before our eyes in vista stretching for forty miles.

He notes the fairy-like beauty of these places—" surrounded by peach and rose flowers intertwining orchids and wild peonies", where "when the high currents are tense, gongs and bells resound at dawn and at evening like silver".

And this recalls the fact that a great part of Asia owes the treasures of her spirit to the mountains.

Unlike the West which derives almost all its culture from the cities, Asia has developed her Art and religion, her philosophy and poetry, in great part, among the mountains.

And the result is that our life has become almost wholly intellectual, inartistic and machanic, whereas that of Asia has remained spiritual and based on art.

In exploring these unknown parts and in discovering the beauty of such traditions, Roerich has done something of lasting value, something far more important for us of to-day than the exploits of Marco Polo.

In a few words he gives us a pen picture worthy to rank with the finest of the Dutch Masters: "In Maulbeck we visited a Tibetan home of the old order. From the balconies there appeared a wonderful view encompassing all the mountain. The rooms were peaceful and near the door a girl was squeezing out vegetable oil for the lamps. Behind her hung the skin of a yak, and her head was crowned by a weighty head-dress of turquoise."

Here we have a Tibetan Vermeer seen at a spot where perhaps no white man had ever intruded. The unique quality of Roerich's art, of his expedition through Central Asia, of his researches into Asiatic art and legend and, in fact, of almost all his writings is its poetry. Perhaps not one out of an hundred explorers would have given us just this quality. They would have thought it their duty to collect information and scientific observation and to conform exclusively to the modern scientific trend —so sterile and vain in many of its aspects.

(To be continued.)

"Success"

By Mrs. KAMALABAI TRILOKEKAR, M. A.,

TOM was a failure—a failure right through. But a failure without a cause is more than an artist's job and Tom had accomplished it.

Tom was big and strong and all brown. He was his mother's darling, with his baby ways and gazing eyes. Mr. Green had no patience with such uselessness in a masculine person and meant to send him off to a public school which would make a man of him. Such softness in a big body was something incongruous to Mr. Green. He belonged to the old school whose motto is "spare the rod, spoil the child."

Tom seemed to put up with it all with a meekness which stung the mother's heart of understanding Mrs. Green.

Tom had no enthusiasm to explore the new world—school—no world was worth exploring if mother was not there to share the sport. He sulked and moped till Mr. Green was exasperated and sought force to make the young milksop see reason. Three days of bread and water and fifteen whips after saying prayers and bed at six did not seem to worry Tom much. Mother came to kiss good night at ten.

Mr. Green came down into the garden for his after-breakfast cigar. It was more than a week since Tom was given up as a hopeless and useless job.

The morning sun was warmly pleasant, and thirteen minutes could yet be spared before catching the nine ten. A ten minutes stroll in the sun for health, one minute to walk back to the hall, two minutes to clean the hat and coat and kiss Mary good-bye.

He found Tom lurking behind a rose bush with a pair of very good garden scissors in his hands. He looked around and seemed satisfied that he was not observed. Mr. Green leant against a sheltering green oak. The gardener's little son Sam was spading the weed with a stick—the first introduction into the family trade.

Tom came up. He reached a very big bunch in full bloom, caught it up with the left hand and raised the right hand to wield the scissors. A tiny thorn pricked the finger and the twig shot back with a proud toss. Tom tried to tug at it. That particular bloom only may make mummy smile and help her arrange the vase on her sitting room table.

'O, you good-for-nothing simper', exclaimed Mr. Green's impatient voice.

'Come on Sam—show Master Thomas how to cut it......'

Next week Tom went to school......

Tom the adolescent is not the same child Tom. He successively failed in all the examinations. A big bully in the games field, a great prattler in the class-room.

The impertinent little scamp was known by the teachers. His father cannot blame him for softness now.

But yet he was a failure—a failure with all the facilities for success. His father had money, he had influence. He got him into many situations. Tom had good looks, pleasing physique, manly bearing, an intelligent head, a pushing boldness, a capacity for hard work, and perfect health, yet he came back always a failure.

He was twentyfive and yet a sit-at-home. When asked by his mother to do something of his life he was eager to please her and started well and with full of hope. But soon he came back a failure with no apparent reason for it and told her "mother, I just failed".

* * *

Janet came to the Southern street to live with her father. Mr. Millet was an author and like most authors a poor man. Janet kept house for her father, did all the work without any one to help her and tried to improve her father's health.

One morning Tom caught a glimpse of her, going for her Sunday marketing. She had an old canvas bag on her left arm. She was lean and brown. When Tom looked at her, Tom saw a pair of large eyes, courageous, yet pathetic. The droop of the broad shoulders suggested forlornness, while her firm gait revealed her self-confidence.

Tom had watched from his window many figures many mornings going on with the business of life. The human drama amused him, interested him, but never affected him. But to-day this too common a piece of suffering humaity roused in him a feeling strange and bewildering which he could not explain. Something unusual stirred his being.

He shed off his dressing gown and dressed himself hurriedly and came down with quick steps.

Mr. Green had already left the breakfast room to see to his correspondence. He did not believe in Sunday indolence.

Mrs. Green was just finishing the last column of the *Daily News*. Tom's entrance into the breakfast room at this hour was a surprise. Mrs. Green's humorous smiling grey eyes were like

any morning elixir. She poured out a cup of coffee in silence and handed it to him. There was no talk, no exchange of conv rsational greetings between the two. Tom perching on the arm of her chair gulped down his coffee methodically. Mrs. green watched him with fond understanding eyes.

" Mother, do you know who are the new tenants at the opposite house ?"

" Why, Tom, I never noticed that the house was occupied. They must be pretty low down to choose a place like that !"

" Don't know mum whether they remain so as your neighbours ".

Mrs. Green looked at her son quietly. There was a new ring in his voice, a grave seriousness in his dancing eyes.

Tom came down on his feet and stood up. He looked thoughtful. He strolled the length of the room twice, slowly, head bent, hands clasped behind and with steps heavy and measured.

Mrs. Green remained silent, interested, amused. But she was puzzeled.

Tom stopped abruptly before her, and looked into her eyes.

" Mother, arn't you great at hurting down poor devils and pulling them through in spite of themselves ?......But why did you take to it mum — probably —." " Look mummy " Tom broke eagerly " I am a failure but not an alround failure. Supposing I start helping you in your campaign ? "

Mrs. Green got up slowly, took both his hands in hers, looked at his serious face long and tenderly and gently pinched the tips of his ears dropping his hands.

" Tom, I do think you are going to start life after all ". She turned back. The door closed behind her with a gentle click. Tom stood, staring at vacancy.

* * * *

It is more than three months now since Janet's father occupied the rickety old house. Mrs. Green called on these unfortunate neighbours. There had sprung a deep friendship between the silent writer and Tom's mother. They spent many an evening discussing various problems of life. Mrs. Green could find time for this agreeable hour by the fire side when Tom moped in the garden and Mr. Green presided at the Guild meetings.

Mr. Millet never moved out. He had a chest which made exposure impossible. Janet flitted in and out of the dimly-lit parlour, like a dusky shadow, to stir the fire, put a rug on her father's

knee or place a favourite volume by his side on the little foot-stool. Mr. Millet read out a piece for Mrs. Green as a change. Now and then he had to express, and express aloud, both his thoughts, and thoughts of others he appreciated. He had no social life. Visitors always came in order to be entertained. But Mr. Millet could not afford the particular entertainment that society demanded. But Mrs. Green seemed so different that she could be entertained even by him. Janet had no time for an idle hour of a philosopher. Mrs. Green's feelings for Janet were something more than motherly sympathy for a helpless girl. She admired the brave little soul, there was affection. Janet adored Mrs. Green. She brought a new spirit into her dreary life.

Tom was working in the garden. The morning sun shone pink and crisp. Mr. Green's big saloon was purring under the broad portico. He had not to rush on his feet to catch the 9-10 now. His firm flourished. He was the brain and the drive behind the success of his firm.

He was finishing the after breakfast cigar in the garden. Successful people do not change in their habits. Habit formation is part of success in life.

Tom worked on, only stopping now and then to take a long fill of fresh air or relax his tired limbs. He was at peace with all the world as he dug on.

Mr. Green walked up to the place where his son was at work. The burnt face, muscular long limbs, youthful vigourous movements suggested health, and vitality. Tom was refreshing to look at. He glanced up as he bent to his work. The father and son were face to face. The steel grey eyes and the dancing brown eyes met. There was a twinkle in Tom's eyes, and Mr Green's flashed. Old memories stirred into the hearts of both. Tom knew that his father was thinking—thinking of a morning twenty years ago. Apparently the thought was not a pleasing one.

" Morning, sir " Tom shouted. There was no familiar nonsense here.

" Good morning, Thomas " grunted Mr. Green deprecatingly " making yourself useful to Sam " he added. The same tone, the same old ring of redicule in the tone. Tom resented it. He dug on more vigorously. The older man waited for the outburst, but Tom was immune to his heckling. That was another sore point.

Mr. Green waited in silence, but Tom was silent and busy. He turned slowly towards the house. " Hullo, who is it ?"

Tom looked up. Janet was running towards them across the lawn. Both men waited, still, surprised.

Janet came, breathless. Her face all crinkled in emotion, she ran to Tom and caught his shirt sleeve, " Father taken ill," she burst and faltered.

Tom patted her hand gently, soothingly. " All right, you run back home. I will bring mother along ".

Mr. Green gaped — an unnoticed audience in the little scene.

* * * *

Janet was still with Mrs. Green. Three months of great sorrow had left her none too substantial self a mere shadow. Her apathy was immense. She felt hopeless, no desire to live. She was penniless. She could not always live on Mrs. Green's generosity. Tom tried to wake her up. He succeeded when Janet realised her position as a dependent in his mother's house.

Janet helped Tom in his hobby ' gardening '.

Both were trying to meet the situation. Janet had to work. She was not strong enough for any work.

Tom was trying to persuade her to become his mother's companion.

"But, Tom, Mrs. Green does not need a companion!"

" That is another proof of her big heart. Don't you see? "

Tom began to think. It came to him—all in a flash as he stood before the fragile thing. Janet looked like a bird. Not a beautiful or singing bird—a bird whose wings were all torn, and bleeding, a bird needing protection, a home. Something in him stirred. The feeling was strong. But it was something like it when he watched her months ago with a canvas bag on her arm—for Sunday marketing--

* * * *

The subarban little house stood a little away from the road. It was neat and new. The sparkling brass, the gleaming paint in the crackling muslin curtains—all were new.

The little garden in front was the growing glory of the house. Janet was sitting at the window seat, darning Tom's socks. Now and then her slender busy fingers lay still on her lap. Her eyes had an absorbed look, wrapt in thought ; but there was trace of the listlessness of old. Her still attitude was not one of listlessness. It was the result of sweet tranquility and full happiness. She glanced at the clock—5—10. She got up and went in to get tea ready. Tom was punctual. She did not look behind to see him coming through the little green gate. She simply felt his presence.

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Tom and Janet took tea on the little patch of green. There were always plum cakes and strawberry and cream for tea. Tom was the same old healthy boy. His brown eyes had the same twinkle. They suggested the clear stream at dusk, but the stream going along a direction.

Tom sat staring, waiting for his cup; Janet, busy pouring his tea.

" How was work, Tom ?" "The usual", Tom said " The governer kidded me only twice to-day."

" So you are progressing " Janet said gravely.

Mr. Green's big saloon stopped with a flourish at the little gate. Usually Mrs. Geeen visited them on Friday—not on Wednesday.

Janet went in to bring another cup as Mrs. Green walked in.

Mrs. Green sat on the third deck chair silently. " Hullo, Mum " Tom said simply.

Janet came back with a very bright blue China cup, but Mrs. Green's smile was even brighter.

" You must have a maid to help you, dear, now Tom is promoted."

" What is the joke, Mum." Tom did not believe in growing.

" I came to break the news, Tom. You are the junior partner from February next."

" Don't know whether I will make good."

" But you have started life Tom."

" Yes," Tom thought. " At what cost? " Both looked at Janet. The same thought was in the minds of all the three. It cost Janet her father, Tom required somebody to need him to make his life " A SUCCESS."

Saint Columba

The Fawn of Cooldrevna

By F. H. ALDHOUSE, M. A.,

THE "ALTUS".

Ancient of days: enthroned on high
    The Father unbegotten He,
Whom Space containeth not nor time,
    Who was and is and aye shall be;
The one-born Son and Holy Ghost
    Who co-eternal glory share
One only God in Persons three
    We praise, acknowledge and declare.

From the Latin of St. Columba.

In Cooldrevna's glades the little orphan fawn danced over the green grass and drank the crystal stream. She had almost forgotten her loss, (her mother the white doe had fallen victim to the hunters) but she had fled to the sheeling of St. Columba, the Culdee, and the Saint had saved her from man and dog and adopted her. "Ye are my daughter now" he said. The little fawn could not speak, but she had told the Saint her love and devotion to him in return for his kindness in quite unmistakable ways, without words. "My child" the Saint said "stop in the glade of Cooldrevna. Here ye are safe. But if ye stray further ye are in danger from both man and brute; or perhaps I had more right to say of two-legged and four-legged beasts. But if ye are ever in peril of destruction, think of me with all your heart, Usheen, (little fawn) and may be I shall feel it and shall be able to help ye"- If an animal loves you very much it can divine your thoughts; the little fawn knew by intuition what St. Columba had said.

Now the blue sky, the soft sweet air of early Autumn, the song of the birds and the fact that the fawn was a fawn made her careless of everything but her own youth and its joy. She galloped, she bounded, she frisked: .... "Ah: got ye" said a hoarse voice: the little fawn lay netted and helpless, the dancing feet would dance no more, the pitiful bleating would find no response, Cooldrevna and its loving Saint were far away. "Ah, father" said a grisly urchin "let me cut her throat now, do now fathar". "Keep yer skeen (dirk) in its sheath" the hunter replied. "When we do, we will have some milk to mix with her blood; 'tis grand drisheen (a kind of black pudding) she'll give us:" The fawn was hoisted up in the net in which she had been caught, upon the boy's back, and home to a mud cabin she was carried, crying in vain for her only human friend, St. Columba.

"What can be keeping Usheen?" St. Columba thought, and an uneasiness he was unaccustomed to prevented him settling down to his afternoon tasks. "Usheen: " he called "Usheen" "Something must have happened. I hear her bleating in my heart. She must have strayed and got among those who will not respect the medal I hung round her neck." The Saint strode outpast the pleasant glade of Cooldrevna; at times he gave a call. At last ! faint but certain the cry of a fawn in bitter distress came to his ears. The Saint with rapid steps reached a clearing where a mud cabin stood. The fawn with her head held over a clay bowl would have felt the skeen of the hunter's brat in another instant, whose eyes were avid with joy at the death of the harmless creature he was about to slay. "Bide a wee' St. Columba said "my bonny lad, did ye not see that medal about the animal's neck with my name and device on it? Ye are not so far from Cooldrevna that ye never heard of Columba, the druid of Christ". The boy withheld his hand but his father answered insolently "the beast is ours, Mr. Druid, by right of capture! 'tis only just it should pay for the grazing in our glen with its own body. So that is that, Mr. Druid". "What do ye reckon in money I owe ye for an hour's grazing of that little creature. Tell me and I will pay" the Saint said. "I want a nice warm supper, not cash. Keep the money ye deluded some ould woman out of with your pious dlarney. There now, Manus, kill the fawn, and let us be rid of this canting cleric". Manus at this bidding tried with a willing to do the butchery but failing in spite of all his efforts, squalled out "Da! Da! me arm is stiff it won't work, the cleric has me bewitched, Da:" "Has he so?" exclaimed the hunter "then I'll soon disinchant ye. Take that ye damned witch", and he endeavoured to hurl his short spear at the Saint. "What's on me? It's paralysed I sure am" he yelled, and suddenly changing from insolence to cringing. "Ah then, reverend sir. 'tis only a poor ignorant hunting man I am. Be pitiful to me and the poor lad. If our arms (he pronounced it arrums) is stuck dead, it's starve we will. For howley Mary's sake take your deer and forgive us like the rale fine good handsome generous praste ye are". "I will certainly take my fawn" the Saint said "but as for releasing your arms, not yet. Ye can pick herbs and dig for roots. I can read your mind, my fine hunter. Ye would like to throw a spear to pierce me between the shoulder blades when my back is turned". "Och, is ate and grub like a pig?" exclaimed the hunter "have a heart, father. I wouldn't hurt a hair of your noble head a saggart usal (noble priest.) No sir, it's a donation of bee's wax for candles to your Church I'm wistful to give. Oh, let us out from the spell, please yer reverence". "Ye can bring in wax in three days' time to my sheeling, and then perhaps I'll loose ye" the Saint said

coldly. "If ye think a wolf's feedings is better than a pig's ye can seek it then. Till three days time, slan leat (good-bye. lit: good health:)". The Saint strode away. Usheen ran before him leaving the hunter and his promising son to whinge and swear. Three days later, much subdued, they knelt and implored his pardon. "Go:" St. Columba said "Your arms are released; Ye have learned a man can live without your trade of blood. If ye return to the habits of predatory brutes, your works shall be upon your own heads. Learn, too, God's servants are not just pious geese as ye seem to have supposed. Let this be your law, and break it at your peril: Cooldrevna is a place of peace for all God's children in water, air, or on the earth. If that law is broken, know that, alive or dead, I will return and deal with offenders".

More than a thousand years have passed. St. Columba has gone to his eternal reward. But this day Cooldrevna is a sanctuary for all living things; As the scripture says "a rod for the fool's back". The Saints of Erin could and did punish the wicked.

The Land of Hiawatha

In ages past those prairies wild
Were hunting grounds of Indians bold.
Fleet-footed deer and roe-buck mild,
With bison found, in strength untold;
And fishes from the streams and lakes,
Served as their food, with maize-made cakes.

The Red-skins drèss in skins of doe,
And to enhance their loveliness
They stitch on beads from top to toe,
With furs and feathers numberless.
And wear their comfy moccasins......
The softest shoes from softest skins!

Their head-dress made of feathers gay
Give them a most romantic air!
Their arrows and tomahawks display
Those war-like qualities so rare!
And when the fitful battles cease,
They smoke in turn the pipe of peace!

Their little papoose in cradle sleeps,
Hung from the bough of a shady tree!
Her wigwam home the fair dame keeps
In time-honoured simplicity!
She sings of Hiawatha's clime,
She sings of battles fitful time!

She sings of the days ere the White-skins came,
She sings of tribal chiefs at war!
The White-skins' weapons emitting flame,
And slaying with their godless roar!
And the White-skins' wiles that in no time,
Deprived them of Hiawatha's clime.

Jehangir R. P. Mody.

A New Key to an Old Problem

(An Encyclopaedia of villages)

By Prof. K. S. SRIKANTAN, M. A.

THE problem of village uplift in India, better known as Rural Reconstruction, has been claiming the attention of thoughtful men in India for the past 25 years. The amount of literature both in English and in vernaculars made available on the subject is enough to constitute a fairly big library. Princes and ministers, professors and students, social workers and statesmen do not lose an opportunity to refer to this problem whenever they chance to speak on platforms. It has also become a weapon in the hands of politicians to captivate and capture the electorate. Yet, in spite of all that has been said and done the problem remains to-day as intriguing as it was a quarter of a century ago. It cannot be claimed by any sincere student of Indian affairs that the villages to-day are better than they were before. An average peasant is as ill-fed, ill-housed and ill-clothed as he was before people began to talk about his welfare. It may be even true to say that his discontent has only increased, for the numerous unwanted speeches often delivered to him have only made him realise his own sad condition without, however, offering him any means to better himself.

The situation to-day is really anomalous, for money to the tune of three to four crores has been spent with little or no tangible result. To a student of economics this need cause no wonder, for the problem was sought fo be tackled all these years without a definite plan and without adequate data. In an attempt to eradicate disease, diagnosis is the most important work, and when trying to improve a nation's welfare an adequate and correct knowledge of the people's economic conditions must be of invaluable help in prescribing policies. If anybody says that on account of the big cost involved such a knowledge may be dispensed with, it merely means that too low an estimate is made of the value of economic statistics. Our taxes and our disbursements are now almost all based upon 'mamul' and any slight lifting of the curtain, any first-hand investigation, will disclose huge injustices involved in the process of distribution.* It has still to be realised that

> the path to Rural Reconstruction does not lie through facile remedies and text-book maxims. Recent history of agricultural India is strewn with the mistakes of half-baked theories and impatient idealism. The

* S. Kesava Iyengar: Studies in Indian Rural Economics.

different agencies, each concentrating its force on one phase of the problem, work within water-tight compartments, often in rivalry with one another. The agricultural expert visualises the rural problem as entirely scientific in character calling for improved seeds, improved manures, and improved soil. The agricultural engineer thinks in terms of canals, water-lifts, irrigation projects and reclamation. The social reformer who usually combines religious zeal with an almost engaging ignorance of the farmers' material needs conceives the rural problem as primarily one of dispelling superstition and developing character. The Revenue Official, far removed from the rural folk in upbringing, out-look, education and ideals, tries to play the role of a father to his people and succeeds in showing them that he is omniscient without being omnipotent. What is really required is concerted action and co-ordinated effort on the part of all these agencies, official and others, working for the common good of the rural folk such as is happily done in the Mysore State.*

To this lack of co-ordination we must add the utter lack of materials. In pronouncing judgments on the various problems concerning the economic condition of the people in India it is found that nothing more than a halting, uncertain attitude is possible in the present circumstances for lack of precise statistical information. In fact, the extent to which erroneous statements about Indian economic conditions are accepted as current coin by the public, University students, the Councils and sometimes by Government, is astonishing, and seriously depresses any student of Indian economics who has had an opportunity to lift the curtain and study life around the hearths and in the homes of Indian villages. The only certain conclusion that we can draw from the existing materials is that the villagers are intensely poor.

Any scheme of village uplift without a thorough-going knowledge of the economic conditions of the villager would be a leap in the dark. In short, an economic survey of all the villages is a condition precedent to any scheme of Rural Reconstruction. The collection of such reliable statistical data will make our information more precise and minimise the large number of conjectural assumptions which are now unavoidable in every inquiry. It will also make possible a correct diagnosis on the numerous economic and social evils from which the countries suffer and will be of great assistance in tackling the problem of administration. "In Germany before the war the statistical bureau ceaselessly employed in working on everything that illuminated the future of the German people; and in the era which is now opening there can be little doubt that the nation which studies the drift of events as it is revealed by statistical analysis will be infinitely better equipped to take advantage of its opportunities than another which perhaps trusts only to the methods of empiricism." The Government of India did realise the importance of such a survey

* Srikantan : Rural Reconstruction - Foreword.

and so invited Dr. Bowley of the London University and Mr. D. H. Robertson of the University of Cambridge to study the present statistical materials regarding the economic condition of India and submit a report on the scheme for conducting an economic census of India. The experts recommended an economic survey spread over a period of three years and costing roughly about 3 lakhs of rupees. They proposed a quinquennial census of production and an intensive survey of villages. *

From the foregoing it is clear that what we need to-day is a careful report based on the study of villages. Village uplift, however, is not mere economic uplift. It is really the preservation and promotion of all that is good in a village. From one point of view economic activities may be regarded as superficial, for they merely provide the material means of subsistence and enjoyment of life, whilst the full culture of the art of life requires much else besides. Yet a truer view sees all the activities of life interwoven with one another and finds possibilities of cultural elements even in the commonest and humblest acts of daily life. The indigenous civilisation of Japan realised their ideal more fully probably than that of any other people in any age, with the possible exception of Ancient Greece. (*Journal of Indian Economics 1917*). So an Indian Civilisation does not consist in the kind and number of chairs, in the stiffness of cuffs and collars, or in the speed of a car. Rightly does the National Planning Committee observe: "Such planning is not only to be considered from the point of view of Economics and the raising of the standard of living, but must include cultural and spiritual values and the human side of life. Nobody can deny that every village has an individuality of its own which, however, will be known only when it is studied at close quarters. Each village has a tradition of its own, customs and manners peculiar to itself, folk-songs and folk-dances, not often seen in the very neighbouring village. At present we are witnessing the death of some of these branches of knowledge before our very eyes. Just a few months back we had in India Dr. Bake and Mrs. Bake of Oxford, who had come all the way to collect our songs and dances. When the Doctor sang some of these to the students of the college in Belgaum, they were really wonder-struck at the amount of unknown literary wealth our villages had. The destruction of Indian Art which has been going on in India since the coming of the British is a loss to civilisation and to humanity, which should and can be arrested if Indian industrial reformers will bring to their work the true artistic work which England had to learn, through Ruskin and Morris, after the destruction of all her

* Jathar and Beri.

traditional art and after much waste of time and opportunities. Much of Indian art is still living, though it is fast dying, and it should not be necessary for India to continue to follow the bull-in-the-china-shop methods which we have too often applied in the name of European Civilisation, science and progress (*Journal of Indian Economics Vol. IV*).

The problem before us, therefore, is one of the preservation of these ancient glories of our land with a view to planning the future policy of Rural uplift. We cannot certainly afford to neglect these vital aspects of our culture. But before trying to preserve, we must know what is there to preserve. In short, there must be a wall before one thinks of drawing a picture.

Immediate steps should, therefore, be taken to collect and publish all information—not merely economic—about every village. We should have an encyclopaedia of our villages (arranged perhaps in alphabetical order) giving all details about each and every village. These volumes will serve as a key to further work and will also prove a reliable foundation for historical and sociological researches. About each village the following lines of information should be made available in these volumes :

1. Historical significance of the name.
2. Cultural Heritage : Pecularities.
3. Songs, dances and customs.
4. Physical character—Geological, soil, water, drainage.
5. Land—Divisions, Holdings, Land Revenue, Land Tenures (Peasant Proprietorship), Debt-burdened land—special varieties thereof.
6. Vegetation—crops, cultivation, (implements, manures etc.)
7. Agricultural Stock.
8. Industries—Importance, Methods, Marketing.
9. People :—
   (a) Health—Diseases, Mortality, Average duration of life—causes for.
   (b) Wealth—Income (Wages), Expenditure, saving (capacity and tendency), Indebtedness (Credit), Religions and social features.
10. Education—Kind, efficiency.
11. Communications.
12. Conditions in general in the recent past.
13. Lines of future development.*

* S. Kesava Iyengar : Rural Economics.

The preparation of an encyclopaedia of villages is not as difficult as it might appear to be. The necessary materials can be collected by issuing a carefully-worded but comprehensive questionaire to all those in any way connected with the villages and village folk. The work of collecting information can be entrusted to a committee of 7 or 9 members appointed over each taluk. These may be directed to send the materials collected to a special officer appointed for the purpose who for our purposes may be called Rural Development Officer who will be in charge of collecting and editing the information so collected. Unless a work like that is undertaken, the possibility of solving the problem of village uplift to the satisfaction of all will remain as remote as ever. I do hope the state of Mysore, ever known for its quickness in clutching at progressive ideals, will give a lead in this also as it has done in other matters.

Practice of Ahimsa

SWAMI SIVANANDA

AHIMSA is supreme love. Ahimsa is soul-force. Hate melts in the presence of love. Hate dissolves in the presence of Ahimsa. There is no power greater than Ahimsa. The practice of Ahimsa develops will power to a considerable degree. The practice of Ahimsa will make you fearless. He who practises Ahimsa with real faith can move the whole world, can tame wild animals, can win the hearts of all and can subdue his enemies. He can do and undo things. The power of Ahimsa is ineffable. Its glory is indescribable. Its greatness is inscrutable. The force of Ahimsa is infinitely more wonderful and subtle than electricity or magnetism.

Ahimsa is a wonderful quality of the heart. It is a rare virtue. It transmutes a man into divinity. He who is established in Ahimsa is God himself. All the Devas and the whole world pay homage to him. The power of Ahimsa is greater than the power of intellect. It is easy to develop the intellect but it is difficult to develop the heart. The practice of Ahimsa develops the heart in a wonderful manner.

I shall speak a word on Pancha Maha Yagna which is intended for the householders for purification of heart. The five great Yagnas are:— 1. Deva Yagna (offering oblations unto Devatas with recitation of Vedic mantras). 2. Rishi Yagna which consists of study of Vedas and teaching of Vedas to students and offering of oblations to Rishis. 3. Pitru Yagna which consists of Tarpan (offering of oblations to departed manes) and *shraddha* (annual religious rites performed for departed souls.) 4. Bhuta Yagna (distribution of food to cows, crows and animals. This develops cosmic love and Adwaitic feeling). 5. Atithi Yagna:— Giving food to guests and honouring them. Every householder should perform these five Yagnas. If he fails to do, he will suffer from Pratyavaya Dosha (the sin of ommission). The fire-place, the water-pot, the cutting, grinding and sweeping apparatus are the five places where injury to life is daily committed. The sins committed here are said to be washed away by the five Maha Yagnas or the great sacrifices which every Dvija ought to perform.

Ahimsa is not a policy. It is not a mechanical act. It is a sublime virtue. It is a fundamental quality of seekers after Truth. No self-realisation is possible without Ahimsa. It is through the

practice of Ahimsa alone that you can cognise and reach the Supreme Self or Brahman. Those with whom Ahimsa is a policy may fail many a time. They will be tempted to do violent acts. On the contrary those who strictly adhere to the vow of Ahimsa in reality as a fundamental canon of Yoga can never fail.

The path of Ahimsa is very narrow but if you practise Ahimsa in right earnest you can easily travel in the path as you will get divine grace at every step. The immanent Lord will back you up and guide you at all times. You can hardly get success in the practice of Ahimsa in two or three months. You can be established in the practice of Ahimsa only by constant and vigilant endeavour for a long time. The practice involves continuous suffering and the cultivating of endless patience and forgiveness. The path of Ahimsa is the razor path. It is like walking on the edge of a sharp sword. If you are careless you will be seriously hurt. If you are vigilant you will attain immortality. You will have to pay a heavy price indeed if you wish to have eternal life and perennial bliss.

Jainism has the most complete system of Ahimsa. It has always clung to it with the utmost possible tenacity. A very rigid form of asceticism was proclaimed by the Nigranthas, the forbears of the Digambara Jains. The promulgator of Nigrantha asceticism was a rigid ascetic. To him every particle of matter, every blade of grass, every drop of water, nay, even fire and molecules contained organic evolving life. To walk was a sin, to inhale the air was a sin, to eat was a sin, to make a fire was a sin. To abstain from fish and flesh and mortify the body was the only way to salvation. This was the school of extreme asceticism.

Such sort of rigorous ascetism is not required for the attainment of the final beatitude of life. It is only foolish torture of the body. That is the reason why Lord Krishna says in the Gita, " The men who perform severe austerities, unenjoined by the Scripture, wedded to vanity and egoism, impelled by the force of their desires and passions, unintelligent, tormenting the aggregated elements forming the body, and Me also, seated in the inner body-know these to be demoniacal in their resolves "(Ch. XVII-5, 6).

In the sacred books of the Jains you will find " One should not destroy life nor permit nor consent to others killing of living beings ; then he will be delivered from all misery. In thoughts, words, and acts he should do nothing injurious to beings who people the world, whether they move or not. The movable beings are animals including men, fire and wind ; the immovable beings are earth, water and plants. A wise man should not act sinfully towards earth, water, fire etc. nor cause others to act so, nor

allow others to act so. Intoxicating drinks, meat, honey and fruit of milky trees must always be avoided by the good intent upon sheltering movable beings. With vegetarianism the guilt is as big as an atom, and can be cancelled by penance, but with meat-eating it is as big as the King of mountains (Meru) and cannot be cancelled on account of its bigness".

This gives an idea of the rigorous nature of the Jaina Ahimsa. These rules are for the ascetic only. The layman, too, is expected to observe strictly at least the "small vow of ahimsa" which embraces "movable" beings only.

Ahimsa is a *Mahavritam* or the greatest universal vow. It should be practised by all people of all countries. It does not concern the Hindus alone. Whoever wishes to realise the Truth must practise Ahimsa. Whatever difficulties you encounter, whatever losses you sustain, you must not give up the practice. Trials and difficulties are bound to come to test your strength. You should stand adamant. Then alone will you be crowned with sanguine success.

If you practise Ahimsa you should put up with insults, rebukes, criticisms and assaults. You should never retaliate nor wish ill to anybody even under extreme provocation. You should not entertain any evil thoughts against anybody. You should not harbouranger. You should not curse anybody. You should joyfully be prepared to lose even your life in the cause of Truth.

When there is only one Self in all beings, how can you hurt another man? On account of ignorance you foreget yourself and harm your neighbour. When somebody abuses you, you are overpowered by anger and then you give him a blow. When the wave of anger subsides, you repent very much for your wrong action. Though you have repented, you again repeat the same wrong action after some time as you have no inner strength to control the impulses and the emotion. "Tit for tat," "Tooth for tooth," "Eye for eye," "To pay one in the same coin" is the doctrine of the *asuric* man or a savage. This is beastly nature. "To return good for evil" "To show the other cheek also when one gives a blow on one cheek," "To pray for that man who has persecuted you," "To see God in the thief, cobra, and the fallen sister of ill-fame" is the doctrine of God-man. This is divine nature.

Ahimsa is the means to an end. The end is the realisation of Truth. The means also is as much important as the end. If you take care of the means you will reach the end sooner or later. Keep the ideal of Ahimsa before your mind always and stick to it tenaciously. You may falter or stumble down in the beginning

several times in living up to your ideal but eventually you will be established in the perfect state of Ahimsa. If you develop this one virtue Ahimsa, all the other virtues will come to you by themselves. All sinful and wrong actions are committed by you when you are under the sway of anger. Anger can be easily subdued by the practice of Ahimsa. If anger is under your control, you cannot do evil actions and you will enjoy supreme peace.

The ordinary people think that Ahimsa is not to hurt physically any living being. This is only the gross form of Ahimsa. The vow of Ahimsa is broken by showing contempt to another man, by entertaining unreasonable dislike or prejudice for anybody, by frowning at another man, by hating another man, by abusing another man, by speaking ill of others, by back-biting or vilifying, by harbouring thoughts of hatred, by uttering lies, by ruining another man.

Ahimsa is a weapon not of the weak but of the strong. It is a shield not of the effeminate, but of the potent. It is really made of sterner stuff. You will have to practise it carefully in daily life. You may fail one-hundred and eight times in your attempts but gradually you will gain strength to put it in practice. Ceaseless practice, strenuous struggle, rigorous discipline of the mind, speech and body are necessary. You can attain the perfect state of Ahimsa if you are non-violent in thought, word and action.

The law of Ahimsa is as much exact and precise as the law of gravitation or cohesion. You must know the way to apply it intelligently with scientific accuracy. If you are able to apply it with exactitude and precision you can work wonders. You can command the elements and nature. The whole mysteries of nature will be revealed unto you like *amalaka* fruit in the palm of your hand.

Absolute Ahimsa is not possible even to the most conscientious *sannyasin*. You cannot avoid killing countless creatures in walking, sitting, eating, breathing, sleeping, drinking etc. You can hardly find a single "non-injurer" in the world (*nasti kascid ahimsa kah*). You have to destroy life in order to live.

It is physically impossible for you to obey the law not to destroy life, because the phagocytes of your blood are daily destroying millions of dangerous intrusive spirilli, bacteria, germs etc. It is quite useless to cultivate a heart of mercy towards cholera germs, tubercle bacilli, the germs of typhoid and plague or do anything but destroy them when you can. If a father who has a large family dependent upon him for their existence be dying of acute cholera and the doctor, when called in, refuses to

inject the cholera serum or vaccine because by so doing he causes the death of millions of living beings, (the germs of cholera,) he practically murders the whole family.

In Mahabharata XIII - 113—47, it is said that seven people are eaters of an animal i. e. guilty of himsa viz.. he who brings the animal; he who consents; he who kills; he who buys or sells; he who prepares the meat; and he who eats it.

Remember the dictum or the authoritative saying of the scriptures "*Ahimsa Paramo Dharma*" (Non-injuring is the highest dharma). Remember the wise utterance of sage Bhishma '*Prana-danat Param danam na bhutam na bhavishayati* - Neither was there nor will there be a higher gift than the gift of life." Practise Ahimsa which is your supreme duty in daily life and through Ahimsa attain inner spiritual strength, serenity of mind and realisation of Truth.

Lawyers' Preparedness for National Crises

By P. P. SARADI, B. A., B. L.

THE attitude of solicitors at times of war-scare is as much worthy of examination as that of the lawyer class in this country. Apropos of war-scare, several other significant movements of national importance including the making of a constitution for the Government have to be considered in their bearing upon the attitude of the lawyer class. There could be no question about this and it is a premise that has to be granted as much about lawyers in general as about solicitors in particular as has been granted by the London Law Journal, " they are the most static, cautious, and conservative people in the country. However irritating that attitude may be at times to other persons, it is socially of the utmost value and never more so than when things are looking bad. The solicitor has this in common with the priest, that he works in touch with what one might call the roots of the collective human nature of the country and to a large extent his attitude expresses that nature".

It is often forgotten that the legal profession should be recognised as the public tribunals of the country, cultured and trained to curb the excesses of any particular movement. The lawyer class is bound to curb the unsettlement of, and disturbance to, the stability to the society, to the harmonious co-operation of all communities in steering the state barge, in conserving well-tried elements and traits of the society and nation for the common benefit.

The best of the legislation of a country can be, as it has been before, so cured and made by the earnestness and acumen of the lawyer who should unhesitatingly be co-opted for any such purpose. It is the lawyer steeped in jurisprudence that alone can keep the executive safe for the liberty of the individual. His services now are the most necessary because democracy is now racing for success and stability, as against the depradations of dictators.

In times of crisis, are they cool and level-headed ? Or is their normal attitude betokening indifference ? It is pointed out as a token of their charecteristic that at the time of the war scare recently, a couple of hundred solicitors from all over the

country quietly discussed the affairs of their profession and met in the evening to have a dinner and enjoy themselves. Though the general situation was alone discussed, it is alleged " that there was not one who would not have honestly admitted that he was scared stiff". Self-complacently enough the London Law Journal says " these solicitors were able to apply their minds to the business in hand knowing that if next day they had to adopt themselves and their offices to a state of war and imminent danger of attack from the air, in its modern and inconceivably destructive forms, they would be able to tackle those problems just as quietly and as effectively ". It is this preparedness that alone brings success, but it must be coupled with absence of fussiness and excitement. Planning for security and defence must largely be based on education on the dangers of war to civilisation and culture. Knowing as India does that numerous crises had arisen in the country during very nearly fourteen centuries, it would be criminal if the leading lights of the country of whom a larger number are lawyers with a stigma for self-centredness, should not from now adjust their social economic condition, in such a manner that normality is assured and abnormality should not make the population lose their heads and common sense in the foam and froth of excitement. It is not the crisis of war alone. There are other crises, the suplanting of the democratic principle of legislation and legislative proceedings, the indiscriminate delegation of rule-making powers, the interference of judicial independence by executive orders and circulars, the restraint on the liberty of action and redress by the courts of justice, the tendency to clutch at autocratic powers, the drain of the country's resources by the unconscionable beings within and without, the scourge of foreign domination operating on our foreign trade and currency, and last, though not least, the tendency of inebriated young men and women dazed and intoxicated by the mirage of western culture to undermine the foundations of our society, culture and religion—these are the crises to which the lawyers must turn their attention and save themselves from the obloquy to which they are oftentimes subjected. They must possess alround versatality in order that they can be advisers to the public. They would then regain the leadership they seem to have lost in public life.

A Glimpse of Ancient India*

By PYARELAL

THANKS to the labours of archeologists, we can take a leap across the centuries and with a little imagination resurrect for ourselves many colourful and vivid pages from ancient history in India. Near Rawalpindi and Taxila in north-west India today are the ruins of three distinct cities, the remains of ancient Takshashila, which the Greek historian Arrian referred to as a great and flourishing university town—"the greatest indeed of all the cities which lay between the Indus and Hydaspes (Jhelum), and famous at that time, and during the centuries immediately following, for its arts and sciences of the day."

In addition to these three city sites there are a number of detached monuments, mainly Buddhist *stupas* and monasteries, that are scattered over the face of the country. The remains of the Buddhist monastery of Jaulian is perched on the top of a hill 300 feet high. At one time it provided an ideal retreat to the members of the Buddhist *Sanga* and student pilgrims who had pledged themselves "to shun delights and live laborious days". Its dominating position on the hill with its wide expanse of view, its calm seclusion, and its "cool and dustless" air must have appealed immensely to the aesthetic sense of these people who regarded free communion with nature in its unspoiled freshness as an essential aid to meditation.

The monument consists of a monastery and with it two *stupa* courts on different levels. The *stupa* courts are open quadrangles with small alcoves and recesses running along its sides, and intended to serve as shrines for images. In the monastery again the open quadrangle is surrounded by ranges of small cells for meditation and study. One sees here the kitchen where these people cooked their food, their refectory, bathroom, the wells at the bottom of the hill from where they fetched water, and the path by which they issued forth to the contiguous town of Sirsukh to obtain alms. In the cells may be seen the earthen pots and cups for drinking water left just as they were used by the inmates two thousand years ago. Some of the finest and best preserved specimens of Gandhar art are to be found in this monastery.

A short distance from it are the excavated remains of Sirkap, the second of the three city sites where Takshashila successively

* From *Inner Culture* of New York.

stood in the early years of the 2nd century B. C. It is surrounded by a stone wall 6,000 yards in its circumference and from fifteen to twenty feet thick. Up hill and down dale it straggles, enclosing within its perimeter three rocky and precipitous ridges of the Hathial spur, besides an isolated flat-topped hill.

The city according to Greek accounts was as big as Nineveh and contained a temple of the sun and a royal palace. It is laid out on a symmetrical plan. The streets are narrow and irregular after the style of most cities of those days. The houses, we are told, had the appearance of being one-storied, but had in reality basement rooms underground.

In 400 A. D., Fa Hien found the town as well as the great Buddhist sanctuaries around still relatively vigorous and flourishing. The Buddhistic arts and culture reached their zenith in the period of the Mauryan Empire and fell before the ruthless destruction of white Huns about 455 A. D.

Visiting these remains after a tour of the relics in the museum that have been recovered from these excavations, one can easily picture to oneself in all its variegated detail the life that the people who once thronged these sounding streets and habited these dwellings lived—the clothes they wore, the brass and bell-metal utensils they ate trom or used for cooking.

The grinding stones, pounding slabs and big earthen storage jars from three to four feet high which are in position and in tact are so exactly like their counterparts in use in Indian villages today, that if surreptitiously substituted, they would defy detection. In the museum one finds clay carts and toy soldiers and monks, hot, as it were, from caresses of tiny innocent hands that played with them, and which any village child today would insist were his, stolen away from him, while the vessels and the rest of the paraphernalia that were employed in the performance of domestic ceremonies seem so familiar as to make one feel that if by a trick of H. G. Wells' time-machine one could step into one of those households while these ceremonies were proceeding, one could take part in them without any feeling of strangeness.

Even their little vanities have been handed down to us in the form of combs, mirrors, razors and such other articles of toilet, tiny round vermilion boxes and collyrium sticks and gold and silver jewellery.

What were the thoughts these people thought, the beliefs they held, the customs and institutions that regulated their society? Strabo, Arrian and other Greek savants who accompanied or followed in the wake of Alexander's march, have left a contemporaneous account of the laws and customs and

institutions into which the Buddhistic doctrine of non-violence blossomed forth here.

Individual freedom occupied a central place in this social order. "Of several remarkable customs existing among the Indian," records Arrian, "there is one prescribed by their ancient philosophers which one may regard as truly admirable. For, the law ordains that no one among them shall, under any circumstances, be a slave but that, enjoying freedom themselves, they shall respect the equal right to it which all possess. For those, they thought, who have learned neither to domineer over nor cringe to others will attain the life best adapted for all vicissitudes of lot, for it is but fair and reasonable to institute laws which bind all equally, while allowing property to be unequally distributed."

Special care was taken of foreigners and strangers and their security was equally guaranteed with those of native citizens. Officers were appointed whose duty it was to see that no foreigner was wronged. "Should any of them lose health, they send physicians to attend him, and take care of him otherwise, and if he dies they bury him, and deliver over such property as he leaves to his relatives. The judges also decide cases in which foreigners are concerned with the greatest care and come down sharply on those who take unfair advantage of them!"

Usury was unknown and complicated litigation unprovided for by the laws. "The Indians," runs one of the classical texts unearthed by McCrindle, "neither put out money at usury, nor know how to borrow. It is contrary to established usage for an Indian either to do or suffer a wrong, and therefore, they neither make contracts nor require securities."

The practice of medicine was fairly common. But serious illness, particularly of a contagious nature, was regarded as an uncleanliness. Kalanos, the Indian sage, who accompanied Alexander on his march back from India, having got acute dysentery, burnt himself to death by mounting on a funeral pyre in spite of Alexander's personal entreaties.

"Cures", we are further told, "were effected rather by regulating diet than by the use of medicines. The remedies most esteemed were ointments and plasters. All others were considered to be in a great measure pernicious."

While fighting was not altogether abolished, it was restricted rigorously to the warrior caste. The cultivator class, which was "far more numerous than the others", was exempted from fighting and other public services. "Nor would an enemy coming upon a husbandman at his work on his land, do him any harm,

for men of this class being regarded as public benefactors, are protected from all injury. The land thus remaining unravaged and producing heavy crops, supplies the inhabitants with the requisites to make life enjoyable."

What a remarkable echo this, of the following by Raverty about the present-day Frontier Pathans: "When fighting amongst each other, the Pathans of these parts never interfere with or injure the helots of one another, nor do they injure their women or children, or their guests or strangers within their gates, and such might serve as an example to nations laying claim to a higher state of civilization."

The story of the Greek invasion of India under Alexander the Great provides many an interesting footnote to Indian history. But nothing perhaps is of more absorbing interest today, owing to their symbolical value, than the stories of the encounters between Alexander and the Indian sages he met in the valley of Taxila that have been faithfully and minutely recorded by various Greek historians.

The fighting gave occasion for much heroism on both sides of which there was frank and mutual recognition. King Paurava (called by the Greeks Porus), worsted in fight, more than regained what he had lost on the battlefield by his cool courage and fortitude in defeat. Being asked how he thought the victor should treat him, he replied, " With the lesson which this day teaches, a day on which you have witnessed how readily prosperity can be blasted." This spirited reply was appreciated by Alexander more, observes the historian, than an entreaty would have been.

On arriving at Taxila, it is recorded, Alexander conceived a desire that one of the Indian sages whom he met should live with him, because he admired their patience and stoical fortitude in enduring hardships.

Onesikritos, who was a philosopher of the school of Diogenes, was thereupon sent with a message from the King to Dandamis, the president and teacher of the order of *sannyasis* (ascetics) in that locality, to fetch him.

There is hardly a more arresting figure in early Indian history than this Indian sage, Dandamis, who seems to combine in his person the sincerity of a Savonarola with the directness of a Telemachus and a ripeness of wisdom and spiritual culture which outdistances them both. Through ceaseless practice he had attained a complete self-mastery and detachment of spirit which made the pomp and panoply of emperors pale in his presence and reminds one of the ancient Upanishadic text: " The

wise one who has realised the joy of Brahma knows naught of fear."

The imperial messenger found the great sage stretched on a bed of leaves in a forest and held a discourse with him.

The trend of the sage's discourse was that the best philosophy was that which liberated the mind from pleasure and grief; that grief differed from labor, in that the former was pernicious, the latter friendly to man. Thereupon Onesilkritos commented that Pythagoras taught a like doctrine and instructed his disciples to abstain from whatever had life; that Socrates and Diogenes, whose discourses he heard, held the same views.

Dandamis replied that in other respects he thought them to be wise, but that they were mistaken "in preferring custom to nature", else they would not be ashamed to live on frugal fare and in uttermost simplicity. "For, that house is the best which requires least repairs."

Introducing next the object of his visit Onesikritos began: "Hail to thee, thou teacher of Brahmins. The son of the mighty God Zeus, being Alexander who is the sovereign Lord of all men, asks you to go to him, and if you comply, he will reward you with great gifts, but if you refuse he will cut off your head."

The sage with a complaisant smile heard him to the end, "but did not so much as lift up his head from his couch of leaves." And whilst still retaining his recumbent attitude he replied that he was also a son of Zeus if Alexander was such, that he wanted nothing that was Alexander's, for, he was content with what he had, whilst he saw that the men with Alexander wandered over sea and land for no advantage and were never coming to the end of their wanderings.

"Go and tell Alexander," he scornfully added, "that God the supreme King is never the author of insolent wrong, but is the Creator of light, of peace, of life, of water, of the body of man and of souls, and these he receives when death sets them free, being in no way subject to evil disease. He alone is the God of my homage, who abhors slaughter and instigates no wars. But Alexander is no God, since he must taste of death. How can such as he be the world's master, when he has not yet seated himself on a throne of universal dominion?"

Moreover, had Alexander solved the conundrum of Nachiketas, viz., the riddle of death and life hereafter? "He has neither as yet entered living into Hades, nor does he know the course of the sun through the central regions of the earth, while the nations on its boundaries have not so much as heard his name." "If his present dominions are not capacious enough for

his desires, " reprimanded the sage, "let him cross the Ganges river, and there he will find a region able to sustain all his men, if the country on this side is too narrow to hold him.

"Know this, however, that what Alexander offers me and the gifts he promises are things to me utterly useless; but the things which I prize and find of real use and worth are these leaves which are my house, these blooming plants which supply me with daily food, and the water which my drink; while all other possessions and things which are amassed with anxious care are wont to prove ruinous to those who amass them, and cause only sorrow and vexation, with which every poor mortal is fully fraught. As for me, I lie upon the forest leaves, and having nothing which requires guarding, close my eyes in tranquil slumber; whereas had I anything to guard, that would banish sleep. The earth supplies me with everything, even as a mother her child with milk. I go wherever I please, and there are no cares with which I am forced to cumber myself against my wish.

"Should Alexander cut off my head, he connot also destroy my soul. My head alone, now silent, will remain, leaving the body like a town garment upon the earth, whence also it was taken. I then, becoming spirit, shall ascend to my God, who enclosed us in flesh and left us upon earth to prove whether, when here below, we shall live obedient to His ordinances and who also will require of us, when we depart hence to His presence, an account of our life, since He is judge of all proud wrong-doing; for the groans of the oppressed become the punishment of the oppressor.

"Let Alexander then terrify with these threats those who wish for gold and for wealth and who dread death, for against us these weapons are both alike powerless, since the Brahmins neither love gold nor fear death.

"Go then and tell Alexander this; "Dandamis has no need of aught that is yours, and therefore will not go to you, and if you want anything from Dandamis, come you to him' ".

Alexander on receiving from Onesikritos report of the interview, records the historian, "felt a stronger desire than ever to see Dandamis, who though old and naked was the only antagonist in whom he, the conqueror of many nations, had met more than his match."

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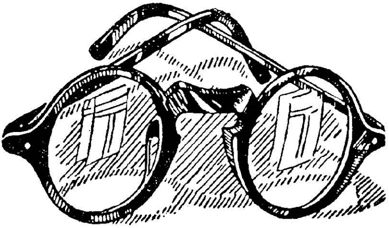

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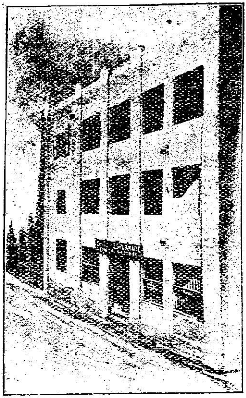

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